FRANCE Fr. 17.00 SWEDEN S.Kr. GERMANY DEN. Kr. 20.5 ITALY Lire 2400 CANADA VOLUME 13 NUMBER 2

KNAVE

658

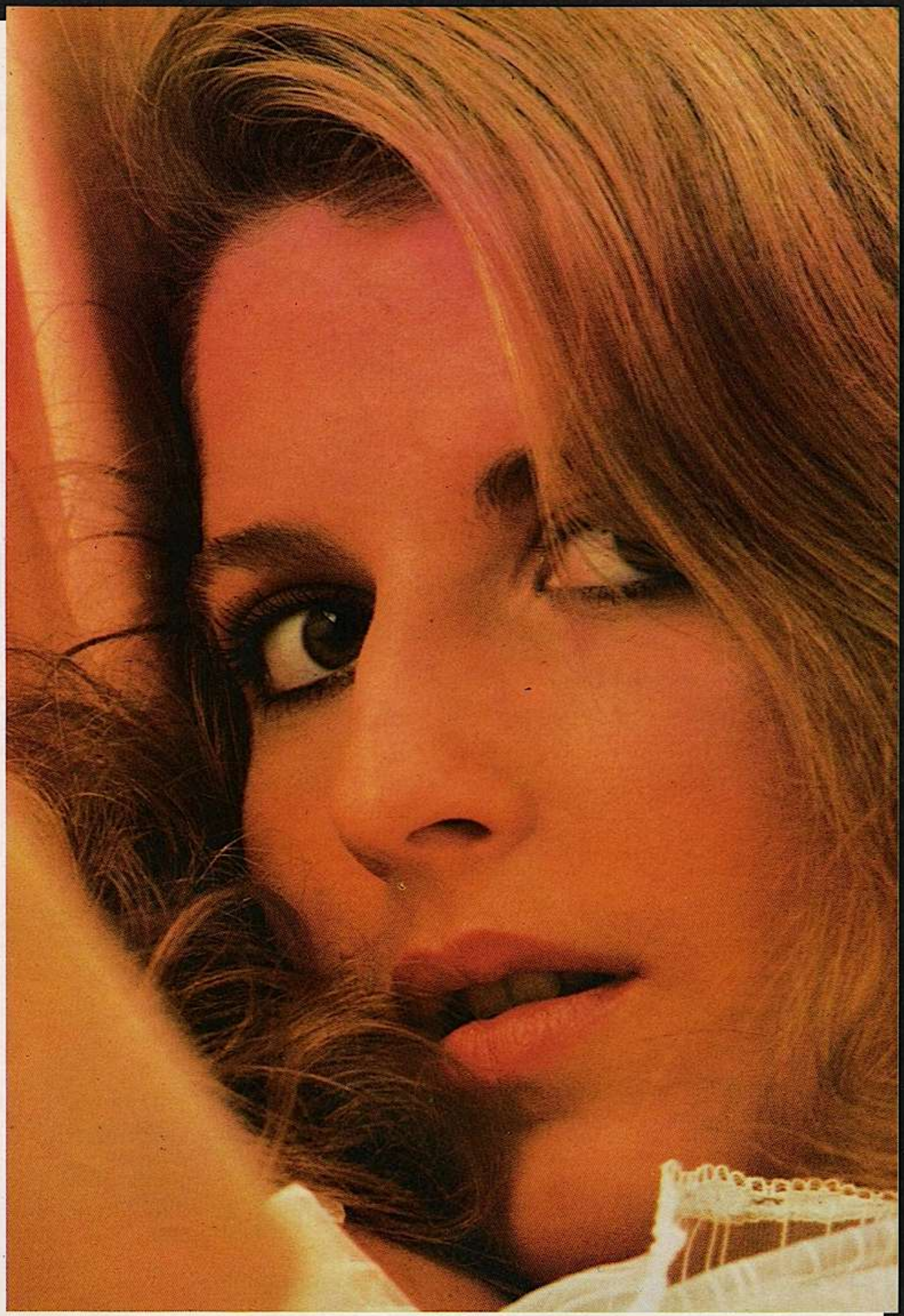
75p

PEEPER'S PROGRESS:
A SPICY TALE OF VOYEURISM AND KNICKER ELASTIC

LOLITA SYNDROMES:
IS EROTIC ENTHUSIASM ENOUGH?

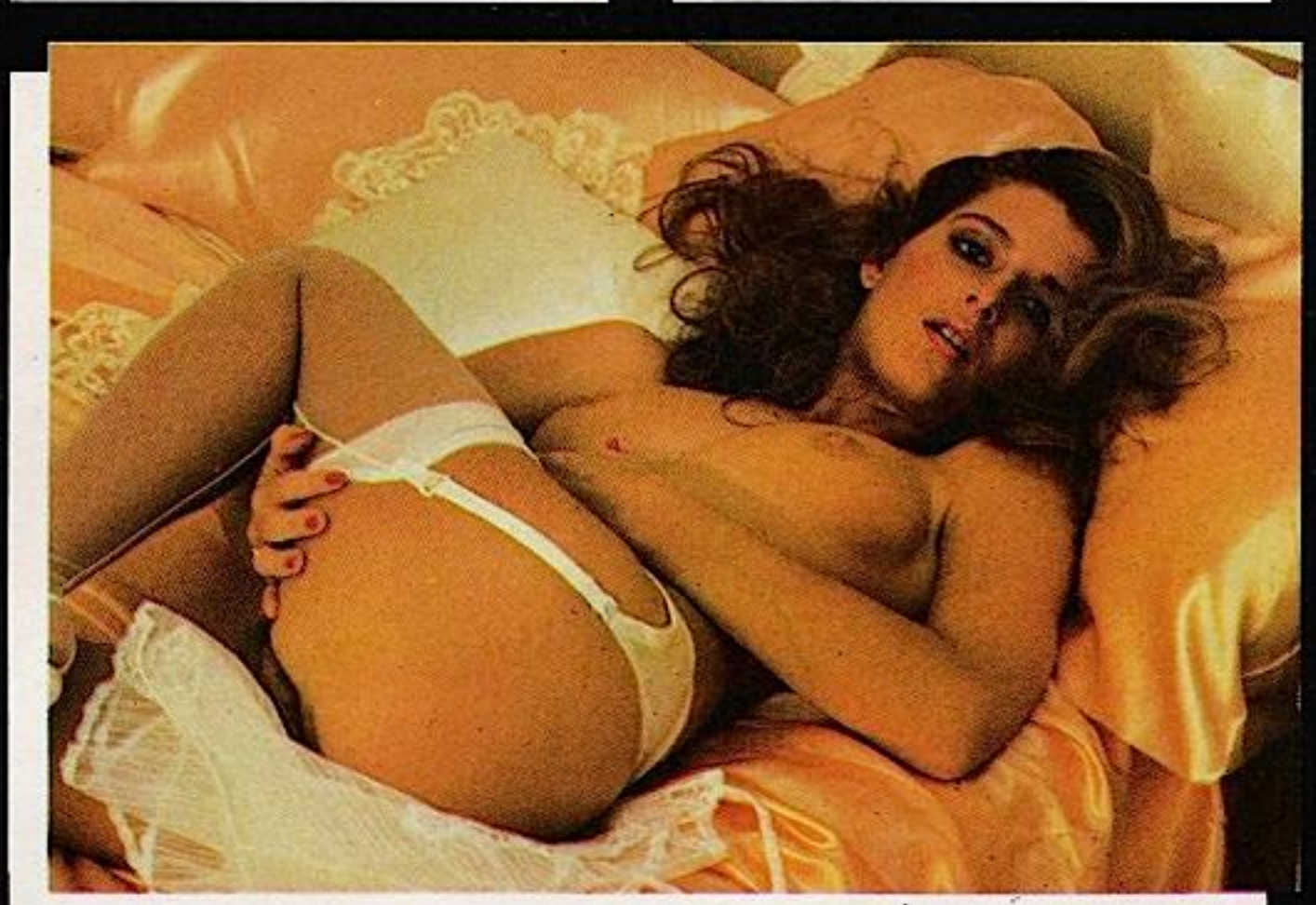
PLUS:
THE VERDICT ON SOHO'S MOST SUCCESSFUL
SEX FILMS

MAISIE
OUR VERY LATEST AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH
& OTHER SENSUAL ATTRACTIONS

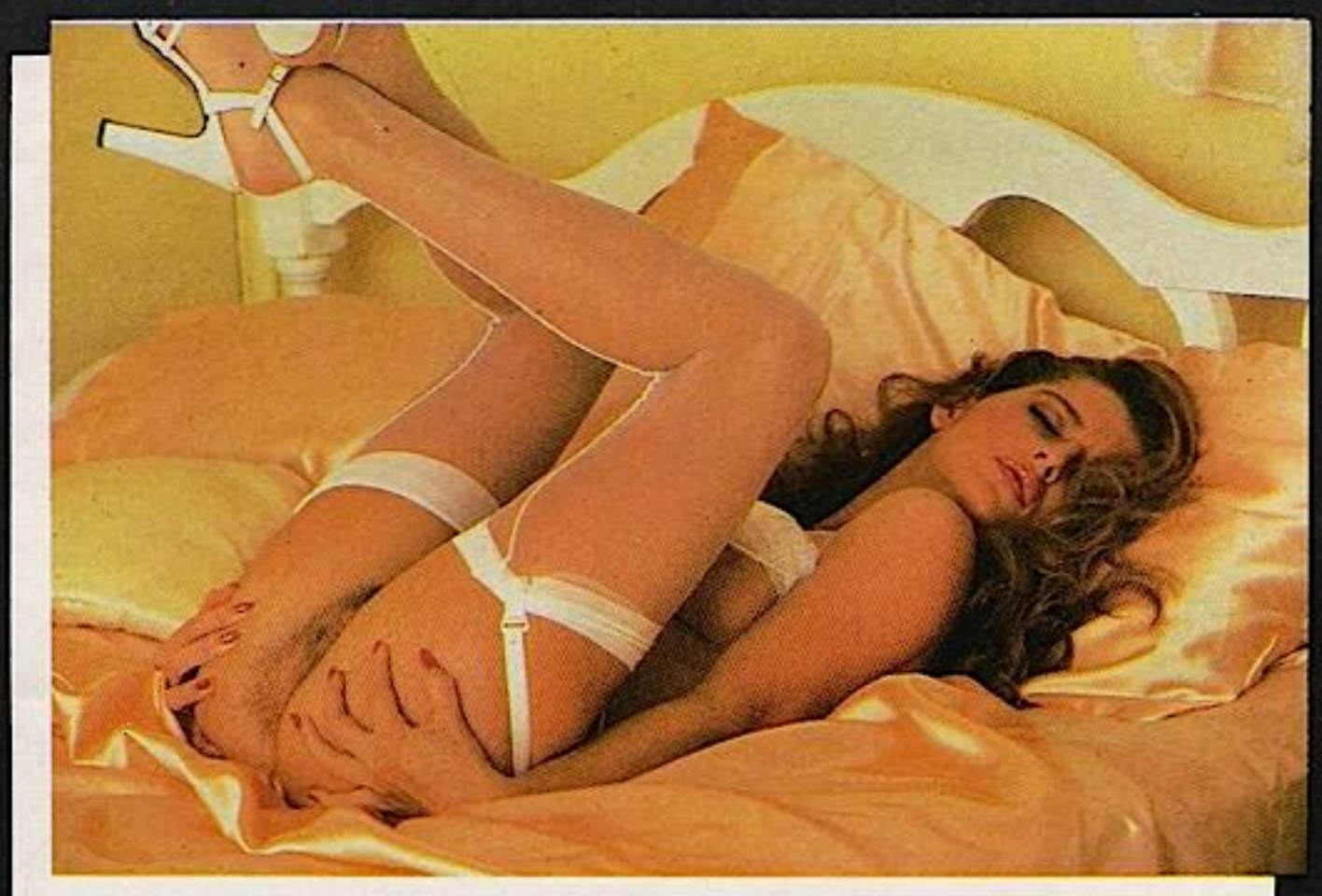


Photographed by Stephen Hicks

Alix



Some girls, as soon as they step out of horizons and into limelights, make me want to walk into walls, shave twice a day and check up on things down at the stock exchange. Alix (skin like an ermine blanket, liquid petroleum eyes) is one of these tall male orders.



She is renowned, rumour has it, for reducing the male psyche to snowflakes. I suppose I could think up something idiotic such as the fact she keeps gerbils in her cellar, but it's not likely. I said hello to her, but after that decisive moment, the rest is a *total* blank.

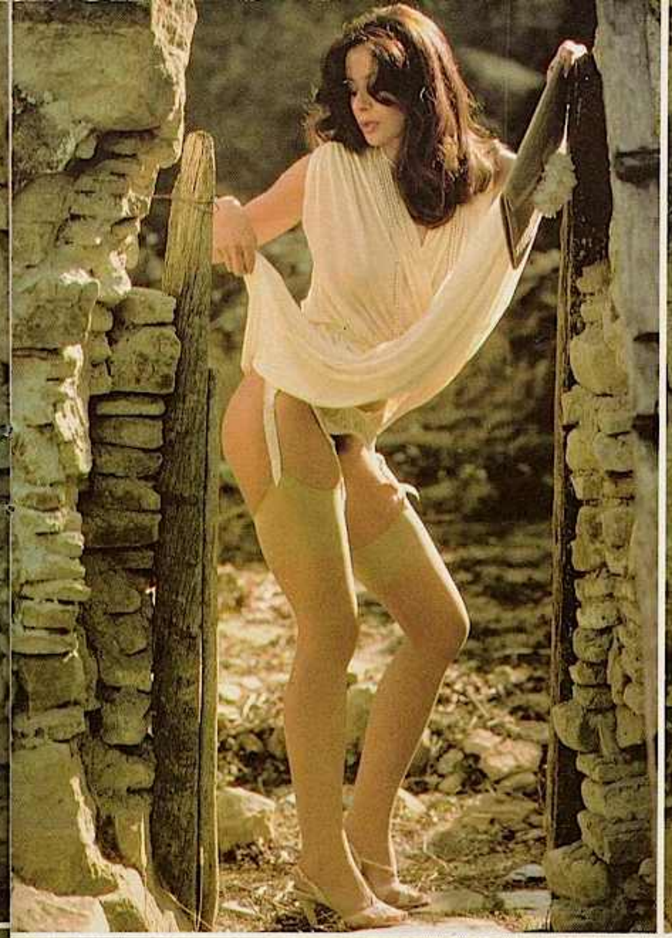
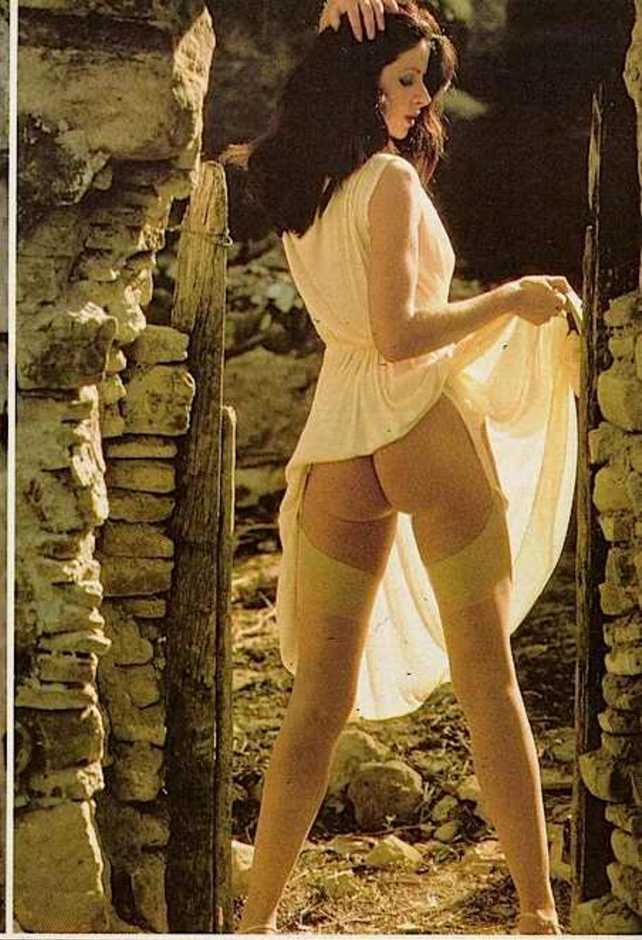
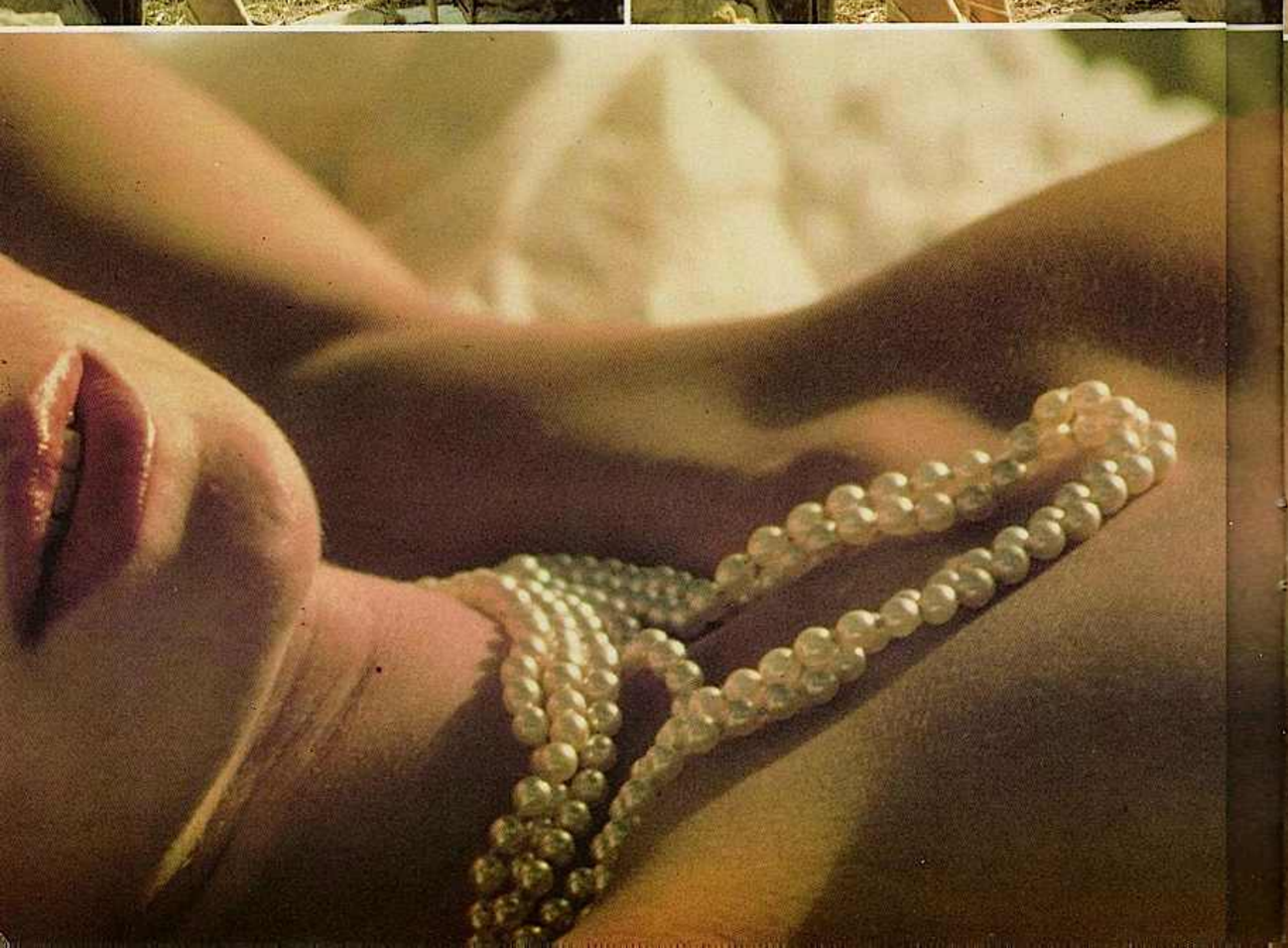
Photographed by Geoff Howes

It's very frustrating trying to extract information from photographers travelling to warm climates with slim, provocative girls who obligingly leave bikinis dangling from palm trees and open their legs wide enough to allow a Range Rover to park inside. I mean to say, I'm staring at the results now (especially her thatch) and already my fingers are into digital overdrive.

Desdemona

"Did you make it with her?" I asked him when he finally arrived back, sunburned and taciturn as usual, with the prints. But the bastard just ignored me completely. I persisted. "What the fuck happened over there, for Christ's sake?" It was no good. He merely looked at me with a sorrowful expression on his face. "The trouble with you is that you're sex starved" He's right.

Photographed by Geoff Howes

Would you believe it? She's *back*. It's Gretchen, the stylist's nightmare. Those unmistakeable tits threatening to topple from her flimsy chemise (and into the first available male mouth), that luminous lipstick and, of course, the dizzy, bizarre life she leads.

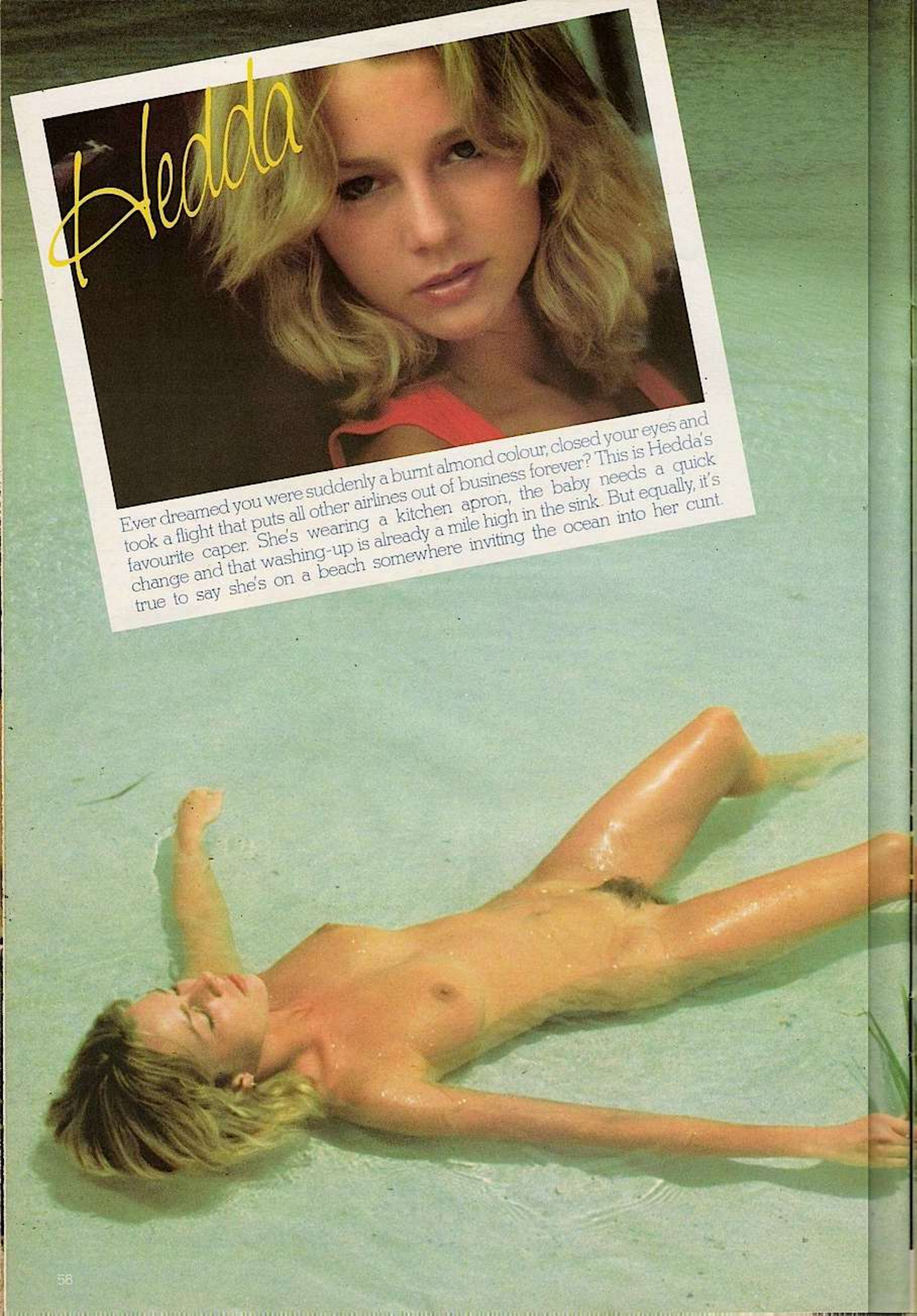
I guess I felt sorry for her after the cab fare incident, quite apart from hurling a bucket of icy water at her to arrive at the new 'wet look'. I said, "Gretchen, what do you say to an indoor, centrally-heated set, and lunch at the Waldorf?" This is her reply.

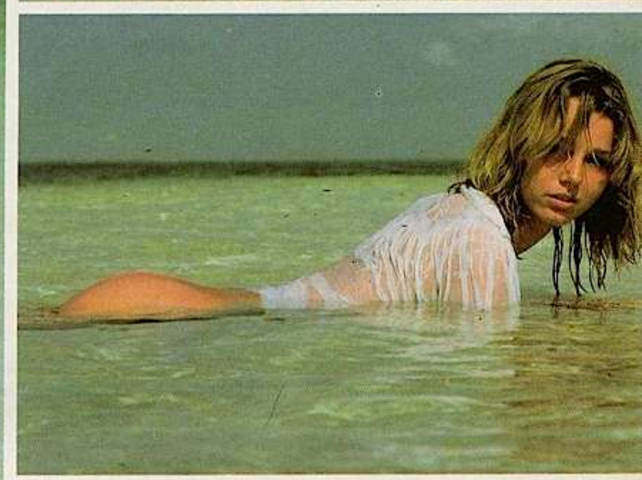
Gretchen

Photographed by R.B. Kane

Hedda

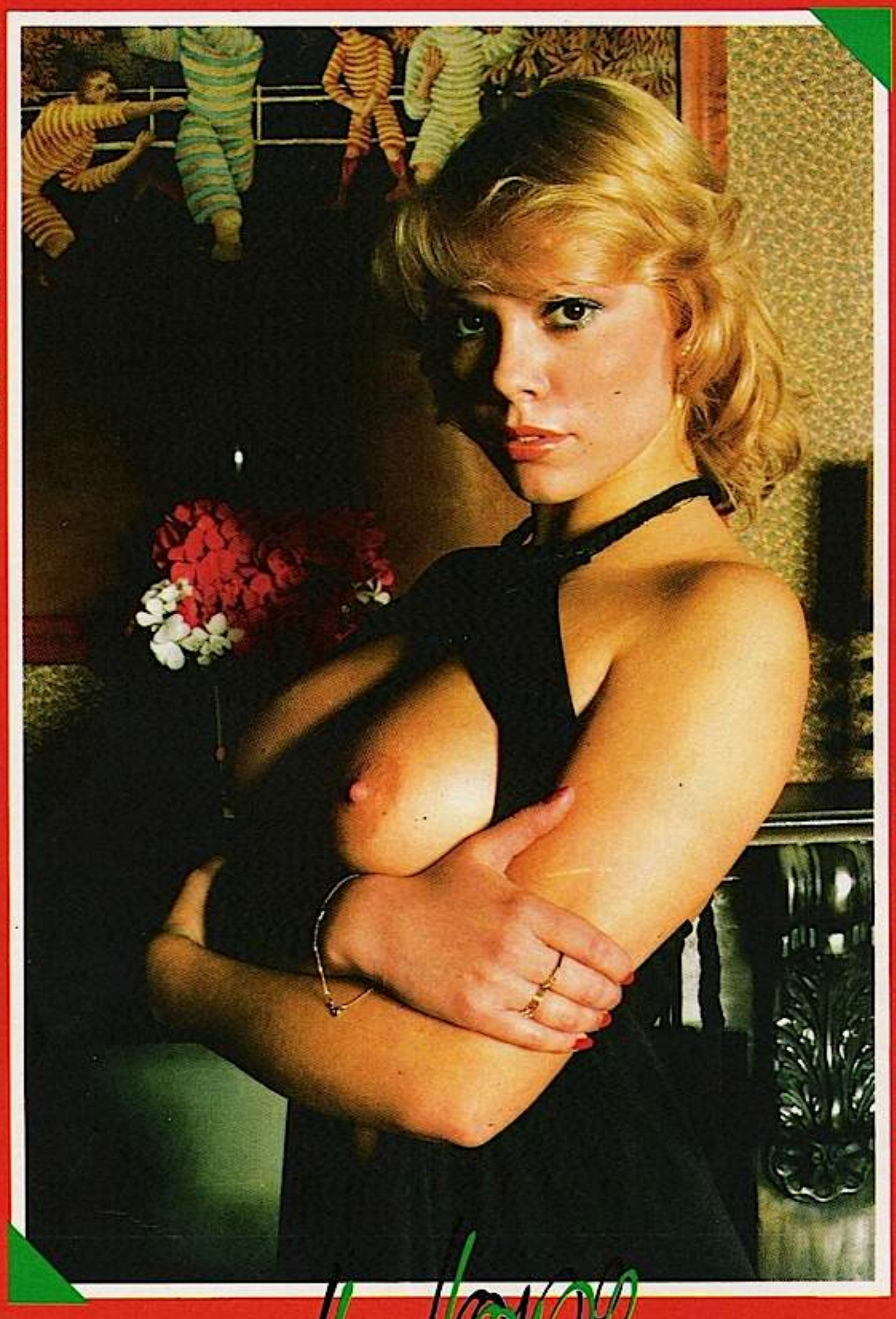
Ever dreamed you were suddenly a burnt almond colour, closed your eyes and took a flight that puts all other airlines out of business forever? This is Hedda's favourite caper. She's wearing a kitchen apron, the baby needs a quick change and that washing-up is already a mile high in the sink. But equally, it's true to say she's on a beach somewhere inviting the ocean into her cunt.





Photographed by Donald Milne

Hope, said one very shy American poet, is the thing with feathers. Well, having seen pictures of a girl clearly named after the word 'desire' itself, I can only beg to disagree. Hope is, to my way of thinking, kind of way out in front.

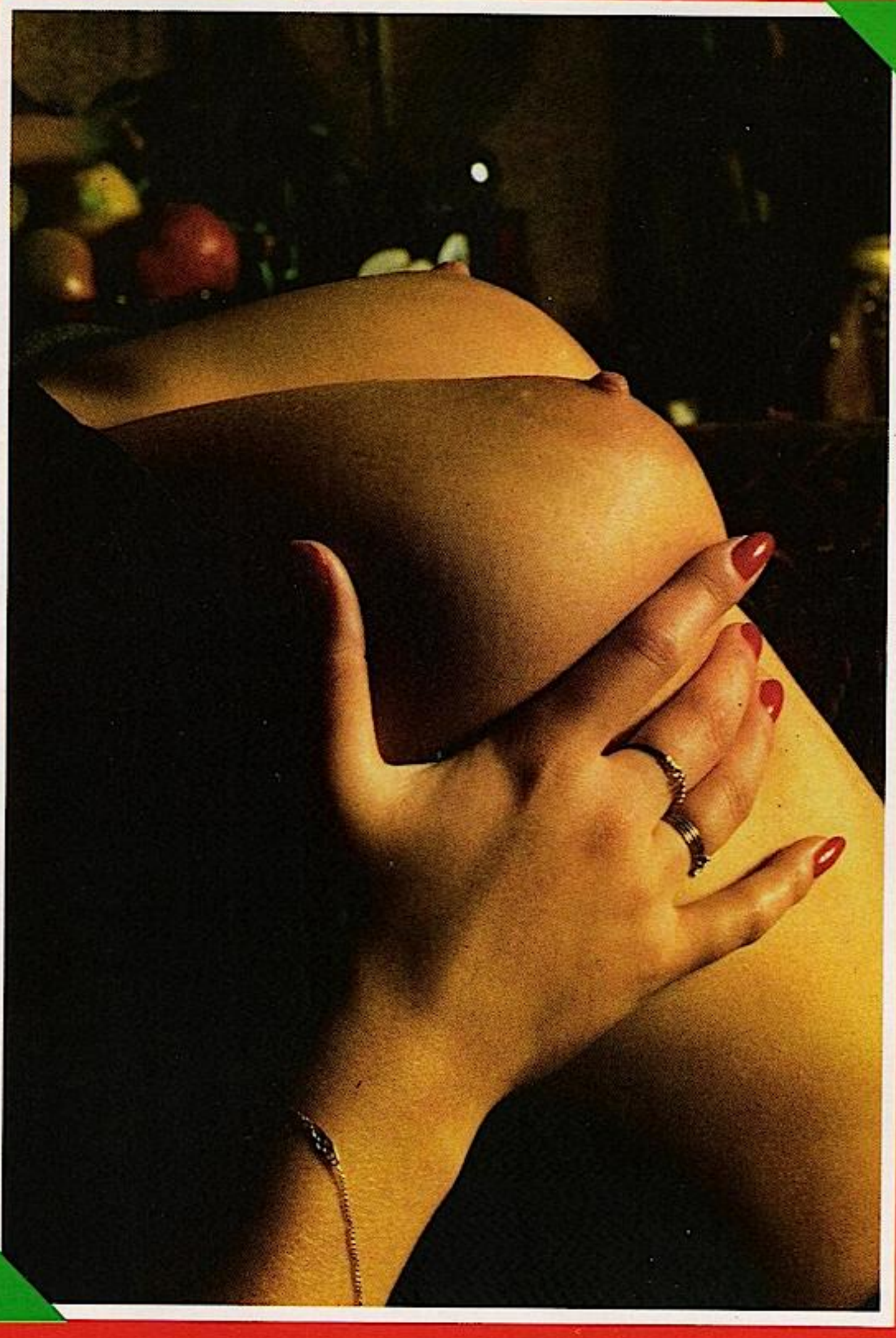


Maybe that's a trifle harsh under the circumstances, I don't know. Hope has stripped off in good faith, and I'm being uncharitable. Just gazing at those two carnal balloons makes me feel as helpless as a rabbit trapped in the headlights of a Ford Cortina.

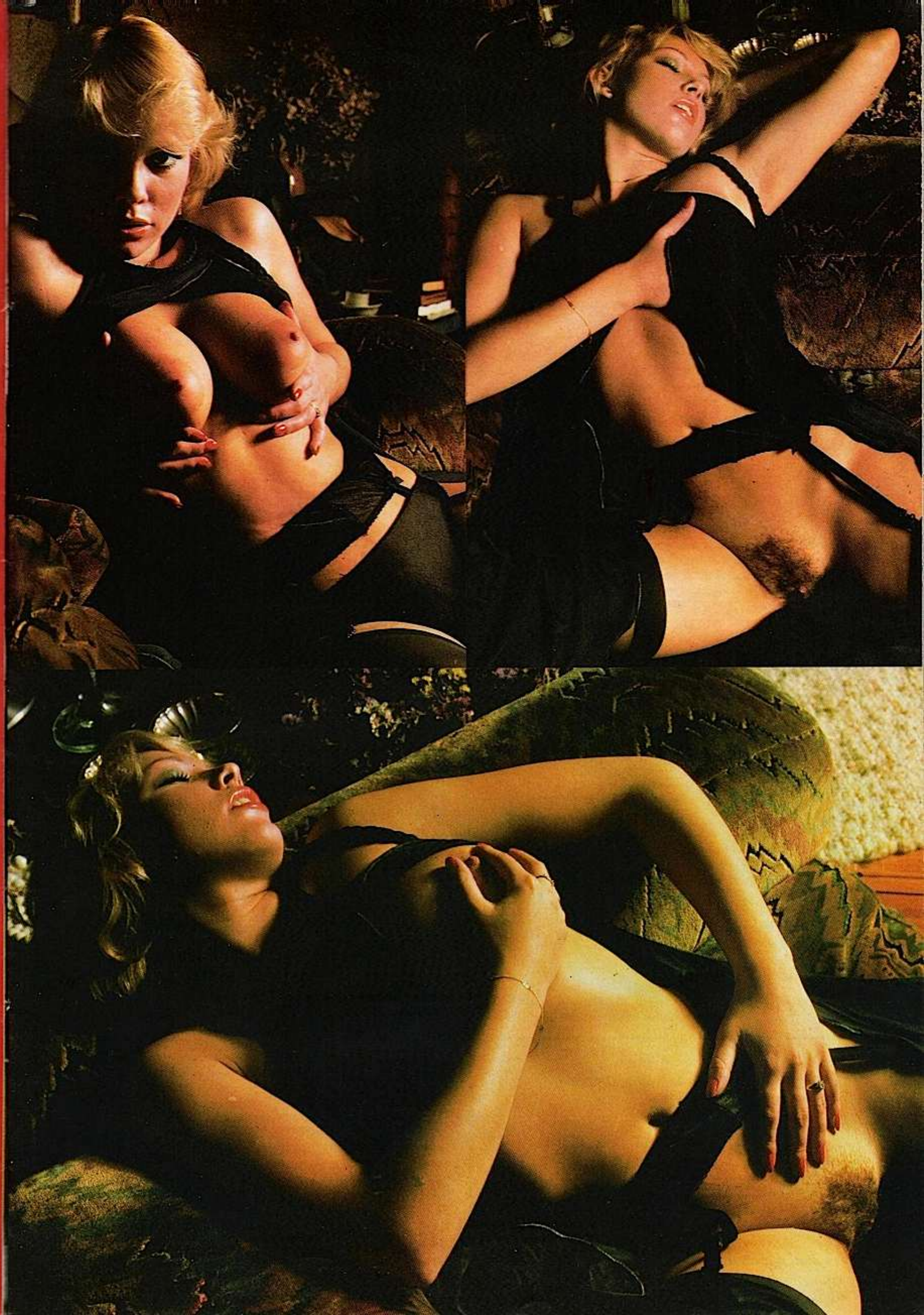
Hope

Photographed by Lewis Blood

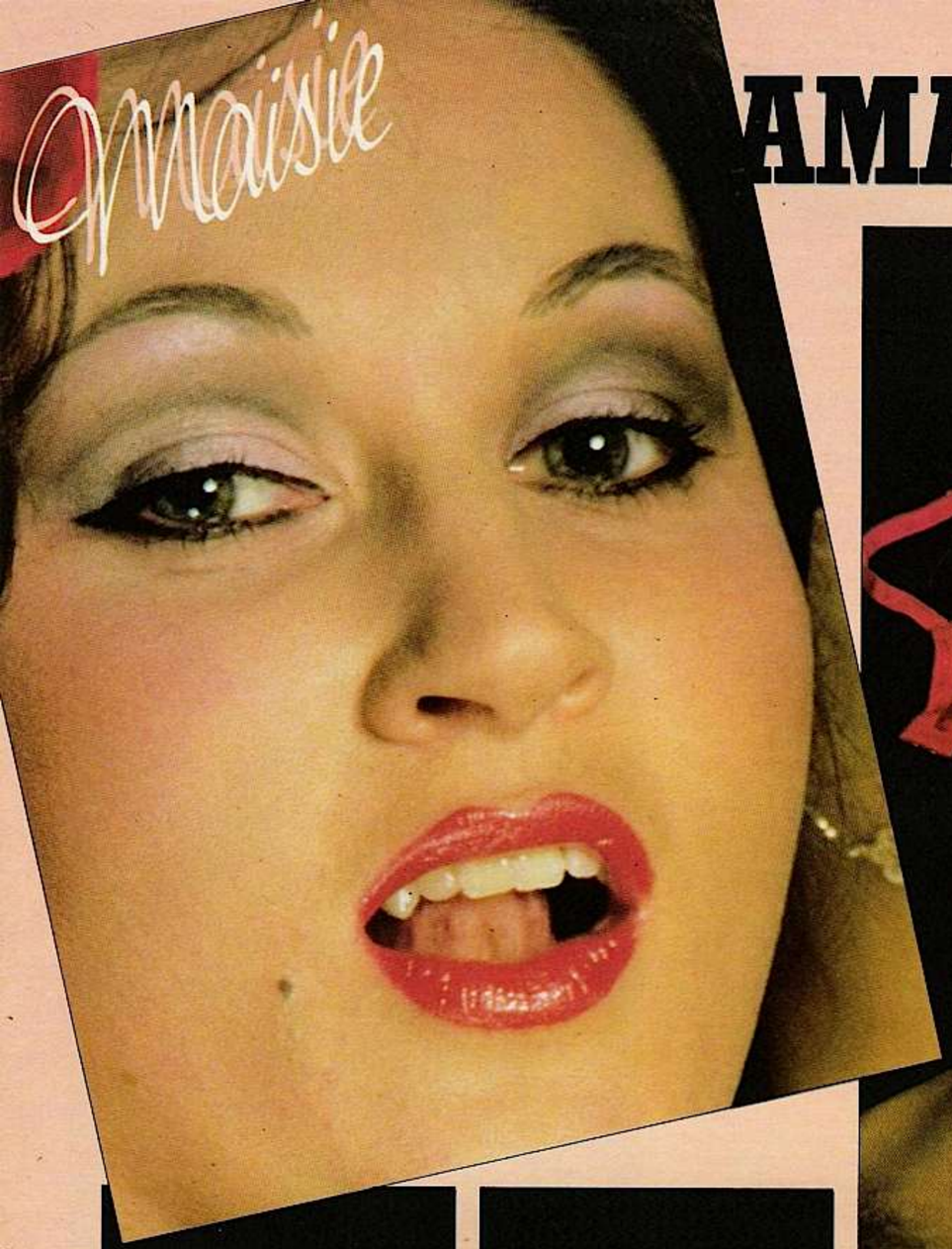
Look at the way she strokes them, for example. Deep red fingernails biting into the firm skin around and about (her hopes of a multiple orgasm looming large, you might say). That black dress slowly peeling away...

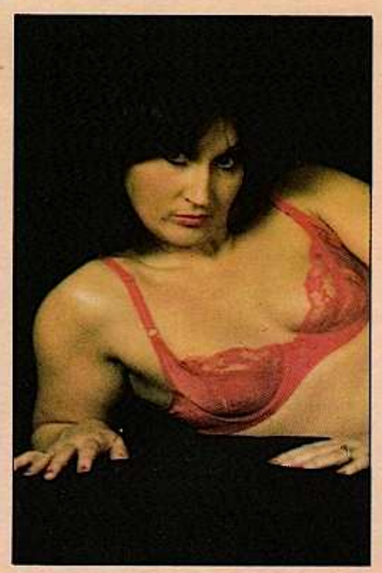


Excuse me for muttering on so, but if a man was to bend over her body in that darkened room to suck all the sweet juices in her outrageous containers, there'd be enough to last him for a whole month, I believe.



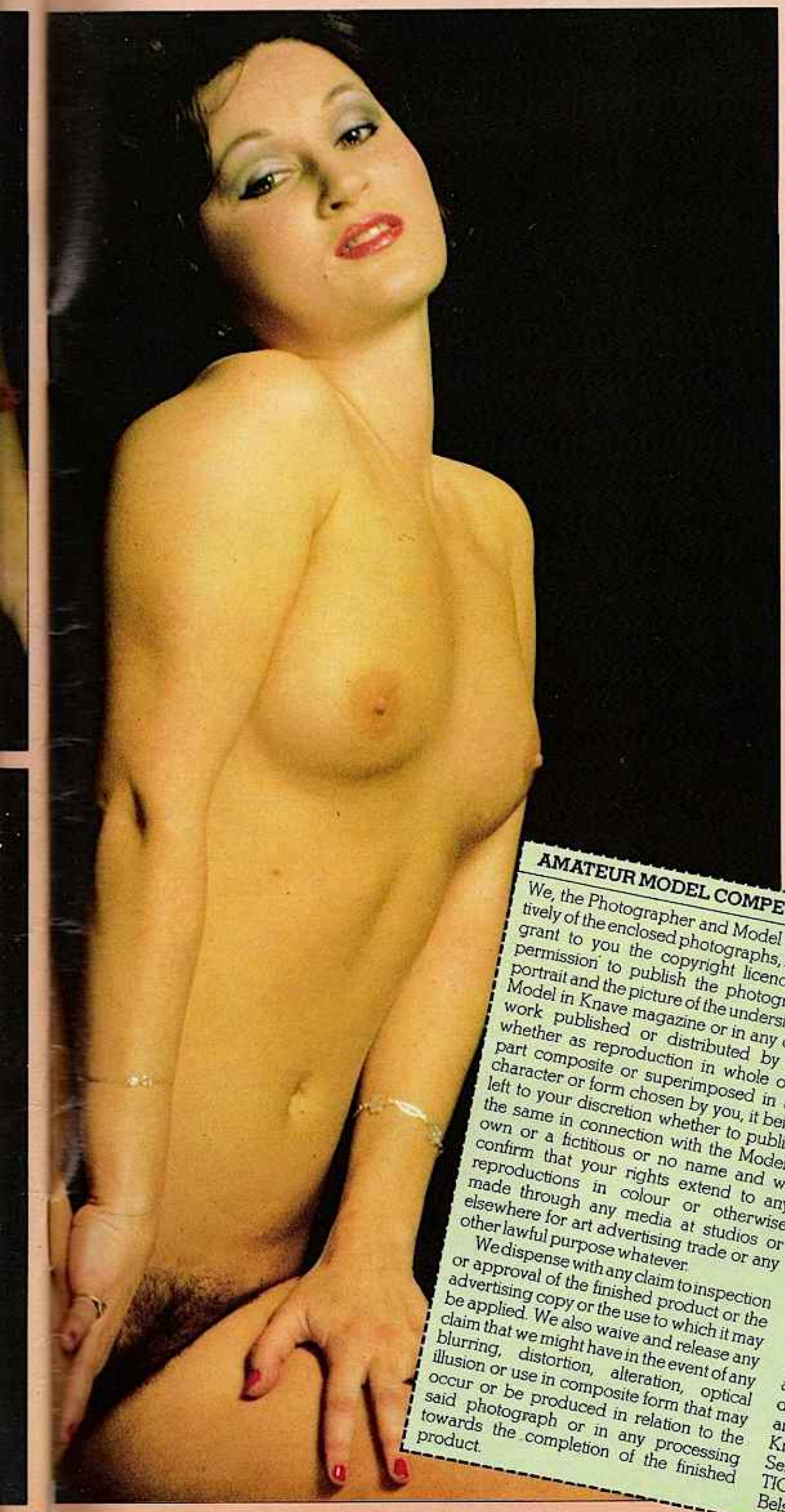
AMATEUR MODEL COMPETITION





Photographed by Ace McKinnon

Assuming that you fancied Ms Maisie Wainwright like crazy (a fair assumption, I think), the crucial data would be this: comes from Rotherham, plays squash, goes for long walks around Derbyshire, drinks Casablancas (Bacardi, pineapple juice, coco cream, grenadine served over crushed ice; £3.00 a bang); oh yes, and her tail stings.



Does modelling for Knave magazine appeal to you? Did you like the idea but lack the information? Well, stop wondering, because we're re-opening the Amateur Model Competition, due to popular demand in this area. Now don't allow the word "amateur" or "beginner" disturb you in the least. Everybody has to start somewhere. We're certain that amongst all you Knave readers there exists plenty of girls with natural talent.

MODESTY

It's understandable if you're a little shy of going straight ahead. Some of you may feel that you're not glamorous enough. Apart from the fact that this is probably not true in the first place, in the second place we have a make-up artist and stylist present on set to ensure that you look very enticing before a picture has been taken.

THE PRIZES

All we require is that you send us three pictures of yourself, and then it's all up to us. If we like what we see (and it's likely), we'll invite you for an expense-paid photographic test session. Then, if you're successful, you'll probably spend a whole day modelling for this photo feature, receive £150 (in addition to your expenses). The person who took your picture will receive £25 for their initiative.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS

Fill in your details on the coupon and return it to us accompanied by a minimum of three pictures of yourself, one of which should feature you in the nude. (Ideally, we'd prefer 35mm or 2¼" colour transparencies, but can accept colour or black-and-white prints). We will return all photographs if they arrive complete with stamped addressed envelope.

AMATEUR MODEL COMPETITION ENTRY FORM & MODEL RELEASE

We, the Photographer and Model respectively of the enclosed photographs, hereby grant to you the copyright licence and permission to publish the photographic portrait and the picture of the undersigned Model in Knave magazine or in any other work published or distributed by you whether as reproduction in whole or in part composite or superimposed in any character or form chosen by you, it being left to your discretion whether to publish the same in connection with the Model's own or a fictitious or no name and we confirm that your rights extend to any reproductions in colour or otherwise made through any media at studios or elsewhere for art advertising trade or any other lawful purpose whatever.

We dispense with any claim to inspection or approval of the finished product or the advertising copy or the use to which it may be applied. We also waive and release any claim that we might have in the event of any blurring, distortion, alteration, optical illusion or use in composite form that may occur or be produced in relation to the said photograph or in any processing towards the completion of the finished product.

Date (Please insert day, month, year)

MODEL'S NAME (Block letters please)

ADDRESS

MODEL'S SIGNATURE

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME (Block letters please)

ADDRESS

PHOTOGRAPHER'S SIGNATURE

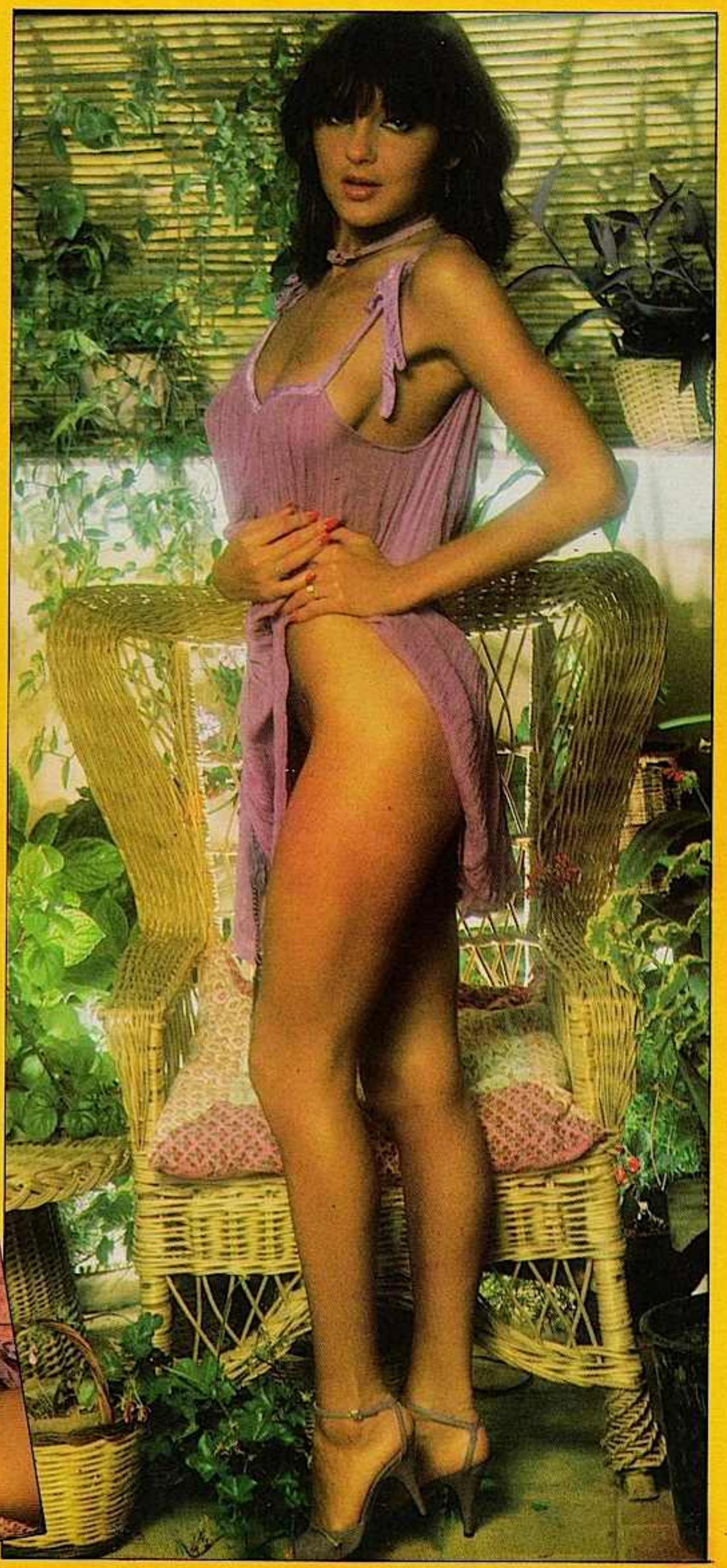
For the first exclusive reproduction rights to the above-mentioned photographs and/or editorial wherever Knave is distributed, plus re-use reproduction in any annual editions and/or calendars of Knave magazine.

Send to: AMATEUR MODEL COMPETITION, Knave magazine, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT.

Photographed by Ed Alexander

Raquel

The sins of the copywriter have a wide circumference. A bottle of cheap red wine is favourably compared to Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. An economical family car is apparently graced with the contours of a beautiful woman. Certain types of furniture are built by celestial craftsmen. It's all out of control.



However, as another one of these people hooked on exotic compliments and exaggeration, I would like to tell you all about Raquel. It's fairly obvious that she keeps her body in good shape, (raising more than the odd eyebrow when that purple garment slips down her smooth, sun-oiled shoulders to make an interesting pool on the dining-room floor). Touching Raquel's skin *anywhere*, but particularly her breasts, is a very musical experience indeed. She has passed the age of majority and has a sweet tooth. I don't happen to know where she lives or what her phone number is (which is a great pity). Never mind, I'll just have to live with it. So will you.